

**The Awful Punishment
OF A SACRILIGIOUS AND GREEDY
'CYCLIST.**

Part I.

This tale is told of a 'cyclist
bold
Who retired to his repose;
And, sad to say, on his back he
lay,
And a terrible dream arose.

He had eaten hearty at a
church choir party,
And he'd devoured, too,
The luscious oyster that swam
in the moisture,
Yecept an oyster stew.

Aye; he'd taken that fish from
the steaming dish,
And had placed it on his
plate.
And in the sarcophagus of his
vast esophagus
Had consigned it to its fate.

And then he'd quaffed full
many a draught
Of liquors alcoholic,
Which, there is no question,
retards digestion
In a manner diabolic,

And so behold! this 'cyclist
bold,
He lay in agonice,
And he strove to wake, but he
could not break
His dreamful slaveree.

And he rolled and turned, and
his stomach burned
Like an ancient link-boy's
link;
He'd have given a quarter for
a draught of water,
But, alas! there was none to
drink.

And, as he dreamed, to him
there seemed
To come a stately wheel;
And a weird, pale light
streamed, flaming bright
O'er its spokes of glittering
steel.

Like some gruesome elf it
moved itself,
No rider could be seen
In the half-lit gloom of the
sleeper's room;—
'Twas a fearsome sight I
ween.

Then, at length, it made one
turn and stayed
By his bedside, still and
standing,
And a voice there seemed to
the one who dreamed
To speak in a tone com-
manding.

And the weird voice said, "Get
off that bed
And mount me, I am waitin'
To whirl you away to the
sombre Ha-
des, the darksome realms of
Satan.

Get on, get on, 'ere the night
be gone,
And let us hasto away."
And the 'cyclist 'elt, as he
sulphur smelt,
That he could not but obey.

His acrobatic ride.
Of itself, with a dash, sped
away like a flash
Through the element atmos-
pherical.

To the youth it seemed as he,
flying, dreamed
That the wheel quite dis-
obeyed his
steering, and wished where-
ever it wished
As it flew on the road to
Hades.

And the terror and fright of
the youth, that night,
With pity would a man or a
boy stir,
As voices cried, on every side,
"Here's the bloke that
hooked the oyster

From the festive bowl and
devoured it whole,
The greedy, selfish viper;
Oddsboddikins! marry! by
the great-lord Harry,
But he's got to pay the
piper."

Part II.

And away he flew through the
ether blue,
Where never before had
mortal
Essayed to fly; in the wink of
an eye
He reached grim Tophet's
portal,

Through the darksome gate at
a terrible rate
On went the fiendish bicycle
Till the blood of the youth, in
veriest truth,
Ran cold as a winter's icicle.

Before him flew huge plates of
stew,
O'er which pale flames were
flickering;
Oh! he saw, I ween, what has
oft been seen
By a man after many week's
liquoring.

And oysters clammy on his
sight jim-jammy
Kept bursting everywhere,
And they flew of themselves
like demon elves,
And whizzed through the
sulphury air.

Yes, the fiendish shellfish on
this youth so selfish,
Came pelting like wintry
hail;
And flew like the sleet up an
open street,
Impelled by a nor'-east gale.

And still the wheel, in its de-
velish reel,
Kept whizzing and dancing
forward;
To the west and east, like
lightning greased,
To the south and then to
the nor'ward.

And the 'cyclist tried to spring
aside,
But no, he stuck like a plas-
ter

To his unsought seat whilst
his legs and feet
Worked fast, and fast, and
faster.

"Oh! bicycle, stay," he cried,
"I pray,
And let me off; oh! do, sir,
For heaven's sake." "Nay,
thou didst take
That oyster from the stew,
sir."

Replied, from the gloom, a
voice, "Thy doom
Is sealed, thou greedy sel-
fish
Young man, ungrateful, of
stew a plateful
Wouldn't do, but you stole
the shell-fish."

And away they sped, whilst
flames bright red,
And most remarkably lurid,
Danced here and there and
everywhere.
As ever they onward hurried.

Till at length, ahead, yawned
a chasm red,
All flaming, roaring, smok-
ing,
And into this with a shriek
and a 'siss'
They plunged 'midst the
blazes choking.

And down they went in a
swift descent,
'Midst the howls of the de-
mons bawling;
When lo! on the floor, near
his bed-room door
The youth found himself a-
sprawling.

Yes: that oyster dank, and the
liquor he'd drank
Had troubled his weak di-
gestion;
For an oyster won't rest, much
less digest,
In alcohol, there's no ques-
tion.

Now, youths, at least, ye ones
who feast,
And at choir socials royster,
Whate'er you do don't rob the
stew
Of its solitary oyster.
Swiz.

The Ariel Touring Club made their first
appearance on the streets on Friday night
September 14th.

The suits which are described elsewhere,
were manufactured by A. B. Powell & Co.,
and are certainly a credit to the makers. The
club has only twelve riders and with one
exception, are mounted on Special British
challenge machines purchased from Mr. Wm.
Payne in this city, and supplied with lanterns
and all latest improvements.

The club are practising very hard, and
will give a good account of themselves at
the Western Fair Bicycle Races, to be held
here on the 3rd, 4th, 5th, Oct.

Young lady, don't get mad if your bicy-
cling young fellow cuts you dead on the
street. He can see you, dear, out of one
corner of his eye, but he is green on the
wheel, and he knows that if he rolls his eye
around to one side it may throw him off his
balance; and to take off his hat and bow
would be liable to deprive you of his Sunday
night calls for several weeks.